

# Advice to His GRACE.

*The Duke of Monmouth.*

**A** Wake, vain Man; 'tis time th' Abuse to see;  
 Awake, and guard thy *heedless Loyalty*  
 From all the Snares are laid for It and Thee.  
 No longer let that busie juggling Crew  
 (Who to their own mis-deeds entitle You,)  
 Abuse Your ear: Consider, Sir, the State  
 Of our unhappy Isle, disturb'd of late  
 With *causeless Jealousies, ungrounded Fear,*  
*Obstinate Faction, and Seditious Care;*  
 Gone quite distracted for *Religion's* sake;  
 And nothing their hot Brains can cooler make,  
 (So great's the deprivation of their sense,)  
 But the excluding of their lawful Prince: *Duke of York.*  
 A Prince, in whose each Act is clearly shown,  
 That Heaven design'd Him to adorn a Throne;  
 Which (tho' He *scorns by Treason to pursue,*)  
 He ne'r will quit, if it become His due.  
 Then lay betimes Your mad *Ambition* down;  
 Nor let the dazzling Lustre of a Crown  
 Bewitch Your Thoughts; but think what *mighty care*  
 Attends the Crowns that *lawful* Princes wear;  
 But *when ill Title's added to the weight,*  
 How insupportable's the Load of State!  
 Believe those working Brains Your Name abuse;  
 You only for their *Property* doe use:  
 And when they're strong enough to *stand alone;*  
 You, as an *useless Thing*, away'll be thrown.  
 Think too, how dear you have already paid,  
 For the *fine Projects* Your false Friends had laid.  
 When by the Rabble's *fruitless Zeal* You lost  
 Your Royal Fathers *Love*, Your growing Fortune cross'd;  
 Say, was Your Bargain, think ye, worth the Cost?  
 Remember what Relation, Sir, you bear  
 To Royal *Charles*; Subject and Son You are;  
 Two Names that *strict Obedience* does require;  
 What *Ireny* then does Your rash Thoughts inspire,  
 Thus by *Disloyal Deeds* to add more Cares,  
 To them of the bright Burden that he wears?  
 Why with such eager speed hunt You a Crown  
 You're so unfit to wear, were it Your own?  
 With Bows, and Legs, and little Arts, You try,  
 A rude, unthinking *Tumults* love to buy:  
 And he who stoops to do so mean a *Thing*,  
 Shows He, by *Heaven*, was ne're design'd for *King*.  
 Would You be Great? do Things are *Great and Brave;*  
 And scorn to be the *Mobile's* dull Slaves:  
 Tell the *baje Great Ones*, and the *shouting Throng*,  
 You scorn a Crown worn in *another's* wrong.  
 Prove Your *high Birth* by Deeds *Noble and Good;*  
 But strive not to *Legitimate Your Blind.*

6. June. 1681.

Ephelia. June 6.